NUMB. CCLXIV.

The SPECTATOR.

—Secretum iter & fallentis Semita vitæ. Hor.

Wednesday, January 2. 1712.

has been from Age to Age an Affectation to love the Pleasure of Solitude, among those who cannot possibly be supposed qualified for passing Life in that Manner. This People taken up from reading the many agreeable which have been writ on that Subject, for we are beholden to excellent Persons who ted in being retired and abstracted from the that enchant the Generality of the World. y of Life is recommended indeed with Beauty, and in such a Manner as dispose the for the Time to a pleasing Forgetfulness, ligence of the particular Hurry of Life in he is engaged, together with a Longing for state which he is charmed with in Description. en we consider the World it self, and how ere are capable of a religious, learned, or hick Solitude, we shall be apt to change a to that sort of Solitude, for being a little in enjoying Time after the Way a Man likes best in the World, without going so wholly to withdraw from it. I have often d, there is not a Man breathing who does ffer from all other Men, as much in the Senti- of his Mind, as the Features of his Face. Felicity is, when any one is so happy as to ut and follow what is the proper bent of his and turn all his Endeavours to exert him- ording as that prompts him. Instead of which is an Innocent Method of enjoying a self, and turning out of the general Tracks you have crowds of Rivals, there are those pursue their own way out of a Sowrness and of Contradiction: These Men do every which they are able to support, as if Guilt punity could not go together. They chuse only because another dislikes it; and affect an inviolable Constancy in Matters of no of Moment. Thus sometimes an old Fel- all wear this or that sort of Cut in his with great Integrity, while all the rest of orld are degenerated into Buttons, Pockets Loops unknown to their Ancestors. As insig- as even this is, if it were searched to the you perhaps would find it not sincere, but is in the Fashion in his Heart, and holds mere Obstinacy. But I am running from nded purpose, which was to celebrate a particular manner of passing away Life, and Contradiction to no Man, but a Resolution to none of the exorbitant Desires by which are enslaved. The best way of separating a self from the World, is to give up the desire known to it. After a Man has preserved nce, and performed all Duties incumbent his time spent his own way is what Life differ from that of a Slave. If they Show and Pomp knew how many of spectators derided their trivial Taste, they would be very much less elated, and have an Inclination to examine the Merit of all they have to do with: They would soon find out that there are many who make a Figure below what their Fortune or Merit entitles them to, out of mere Choice, and an elegant desire of Ease and Disincumbrance. It would look like Romance to tell you in this Age of an old Man who is contented to pass for an Humourist, and one who does not understand the Figure he ought to make in the World, while he lives in a Lodging of Ten Shillings a Week with only one Servant. While he Dresses himself according to the Season in Cloth or in Stuff, and has no one necessary attention to any thing but the Bell which calls to Prayers twice a Day. I say it would look like a Fable to report that this Gentleman gives away all which is the overplus of a great Fortune, by secret Methods, to other Men. If he has not the Pomp of a numerous Train, and of Professors of Service to him, he has every Day he lives the Conscience that the Widow, the Fatherless, the Mourner, and the Stranger bless his unseen Hand in their Prayers. This Humourist gives up all the Compliments which People of his own Condition could make to him, for the Pleasures of helping the afflicted, supplying the needy, and befriending the neglected. This Humourist keeps to himself much more than he wants, and gives a vast Refuse of his Superfluities to purchase Heaven, and by freeing others from the Temptations of worldly Want, to carry a Retinue with him thither.

Of all Men who affect living in a particular way, next to this admirable Character, I am the most enamoured of *Irus*, whose Condition will not admit of such Largesses, and perhaps would not be capable of making them, if it were. *Irus*, tho' he is now turned of fifty, has not appeared in the World, in his real Character, since five and twenty, at which Age he ran out a small Patrimony, and spent some Time after with Rakes who had lived upon him: A Course of ten Years Time passed in all the little Alleys, By Paths, and sometimes open Taverns and Streets of this Town, gave *Irus* a perfect Skill in judging of the Inclinations of Mankind, and acting accordingly. He seriously considered he was poor, and the general Horrour which most Men have of all who are in that Condition. *Irus* judged very rightly, That while he could keep his Poverty a Secret, he should not feel the Weight of it; he improved this Thought into an Affectation of Closeness and Covetousness. Upon this one Principle he resolved to govern his future Life; and in the thirty sixth Year of his Age he repaired to *Long-Lane*, and looked upon several Dresses which hung there deserted by their first Masters, and exposed to the Purchase of the best Bidder. At this place he exchanged his gay Shabbyness of Cloaths fit for a much younger

Man,

Man, to warm ones that would be decent for a much older one. *Irus* came out thoroughly equipped from Head to Foot, with a little Oaken Cane in the form of a ſubſtantial Man that did not mind his Dreſs, turned of fifty. He had at this Time fifty Pounds in ready Money; and in this Habit, with this Fortune, he took his preſent Lodging in St. *John-ſtreet*, at the Manſion-Houſe of a Taylor's Widow, who waſhes and can clear-ſtarch his Bands. From that Time to this, he has kept the main Stock, without Alteration under or over, to the Value of five Pounds. He left off all his old Acquaintance to a Man, and all his Arts of Life, except the Play of Back-gammon, upon which he has more than bore his Charges. *Irus* has, ever ſince he came into this Neighbourhood, given all the Intimations, he ſkilfully could, of being a cloſe Hunks worth Money: No body comes to viſit him, he receives no Letters, and tells his Money Morning and Evening. He has from the publick Papers, a Knowledge of what generally paſſes, ſhuns all Diſcourſes of Money, but ſhrugs his Shoulder when you talk of Securities; he denies his being rich with the Air, which all do who are vain of being ſo: He is the Oracle of a neighbouring Juſtice of Peace who meets him at the Coffee-houſe; the Hopes that what he has muſt come to ſomebody, and that he has no Heirs, have that effect where-ever he is known, that he every Day has three or four Invitations to dine at different Places, which he generally takes Care to chuſe in ſuch a manner, as not to ſeem inclined to the richer Man. All the young Men reſpect him, and ſay he is juſt the ſame Man he was when they were Boys. He uſes no Artifice in the World, but makes uſe of Men's Deſigns upon him to get a Maintenance out of them. This he carries on by a certain Peeviſhneſs, (which he acts very well) that no one would believe could poſſibly enter into the Head of a poor Fellow. His Mein, his Dreſs, his Carriage, and his Language are ſuch, that you would be at a Loſs to gueſs, whether in the Active Part of his Life he had been a ſenſible Citizen, or Scholar that knew the World. Theſe are the great Circumſtances in the Life of *Irus*, and thus does he paſs away his Days a Stranger to Mankind; and at his Death, the worſt that will be ſaid of him will be, That he got by every Man, who had Expectations from him, more than he had to leave him.

I have an Inclination to print the following Letters; for that I have heard the Author of them has ſome where or other ſeen me, and by an excellent Faculty in Mimickry my Correſpondents tell me he can aſſume my Air, and give my Taciturnity a Slyneſs which diverts more than any thing I could ſay if I were preſent. Thus I am glad my ſilence is attoned for to the good Company in Town. He has carryed his Skill in Imitation ſo far, as to have forged a Letter from my Friend Sir ROGER in ſuch a manner, that any one but I who am thoroughly acquainted with him, would have taken it for Genuine.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'HAving obſerv'd in *Lily*'s Grammar how ſweet-'ly *Bacchus* and *Apollo* run in a Verſe: I 'have (to preſerve the Amity between them) call'd 'in *Bacchus* to the Aid of my Profeſſion of the *The-'atre*. So that while ſome People of Quality are 'beſpeaking Plays of me to be acted upon ſuch a 'Day, and others, Hogſheads for their Houſes, a-'gainſt ſuch a Time; I am wholly employ'd in the 'agreeable Service of Wit and Wine: Sir, I [illegible] 'ſent you Sir *Roger de Coverly*'s Letter to me, which 'pray comply with in favour of the *Bumper* Ta-'vern. Be kind, for you know a Player's [illegible] 'Pride is the Approbation of the SPECTATOR.

I am your Admirer, tho' unknown,
Richard [illegible]

To Mr. *Eſtcourt* at his Houſe in *Covent-Garden*.

Coverly, December the 18th, 1711.

Old Comical Ones,

'THE Hogſheads of Neat Port came ſafe, and 'have gotten thee good Reputation in the 'Parts; and I am glad to hear, that a Fellow 'has been laying out his Money, ever ſince he was 'born, for the meer Pleaſure of Wine, has 'thought himſelf of joining Profit and Pleaſure 'together. Our Sexton (poor Man) having re-'ceiv'd Strength from thy Wine, ſince his Fit of 'Gout is hugely taken with it: He ſays it is given 'by Nature for the Uſe of Families, that no Sid-'ard's Table can be without it, that it ſtrengthens 'Digeſtion, excludes Surfeits, Fevers and Phyſick, 'which Green Wines of any kind can't do. I 'get a pure ſnug Room, and I hope next Term 'help fill your Bumper with our People at the 'Club; but you muſt have no Bells ſtirring when 'the *Spectator* comes; I forbore Ringing to Bed 'while he was down with me in the Country. 'Thank you for the little Hams and *Portugal* Quar-'ons; pray keep ſome always by you. Your beſt 'my Supper is only Good *Cheſhire* Cheeſe, Cold 'Muſtard, a Golden Pippin, attended with a Glaſs 'of *John Sly*'s Beſt. Sir *Harry* has ſtole all your 'Songs, and tells the Story of the 5th of *Novem-'ber* to Perfection.

Yours to ſerve you,
Roger de Coverly.

We've loſt old *John* ſince you were here.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

At the Deſire of ſeveral Ladies of Quality,

By Her Majeſty's Company of Comedians.

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, to Morrow being Thurſday, the 2d of January, will be preſented a Comedy call'd, The Careleſs Husband. The Part of Lord Foppington by Mr. Cibber, Lord Morelove Mr. Mills, Charles Ealy Mr. Wilks, Lady Betty Modiſh Mrs. Oldfield, Grace-airs Mrs. Rogers, Lady Ealy Mrs Knight, Bisket Bicknell.

By Subſcription.

AT the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market, this preſent Wednesday being the 1st of January will be performed the firſt new Opera call'd, Antiochus. The Prologue will be delivered out this Day at Mrs. White's Chocolate-houſe. The firſt Gallery 5 s. the upper Gallery 2 s. Boxes upon the Stage 15 s. To begin Exactly at Six.

Wines to be ſold by Retail.

Excellent Red and White Port, and Red and White Lisbon, being neat Wines as they came from the Growers the beſt Growth in Portugal. To be ſold by the Importer [illegible] in Brabant-Court in Philpot-Lane, viz. Red and White Port 8 Gallon, or 14 l. per Hhd. Red and White Lisbon at 5 l. 6 d. or 16 l. per Hhd. Attendance will be given every Day, till [illegible]

William Lovejoy, Silkman, at the Croſs-[illegible] the Strand near the Fountain Tavern, has to ſell a Parcel of French Bordeaux Price Claret, brought directly from the Vineyards Southampton from on board the Providence Prize, being very neat, and in no ones Hands but his own ſince landed: As alſo 8 Jars of Lucca Oil, by the Real Galley, being extraordinary and will ſell the Claret for 28 l. per Hogſhead and 30 l. per Hhd. and the Oil at 13 s. per Gallon and 3 s. 6 d. per Quart.

Recommended as proper for New-Years Gifts,

Private Thoughts upon Religion, digeſted into twelve Articles; with Practical Reſolutions formed thereupon. By the Right Reverend Father in God, William Beveridge, late Lord Biſhop of St. Aſaph. Written in his Younger Years for the Settling of his Principles and Conduct of his Life. The 5th Edition. Sold by W. Taylor at the Ship in Paternoſter-Row. Price 1 s. 2 d. Where may be had the Author's Works in Folio Volumes.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*: where Advertiſements are taken in; as alſo by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the *Strand*.